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The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

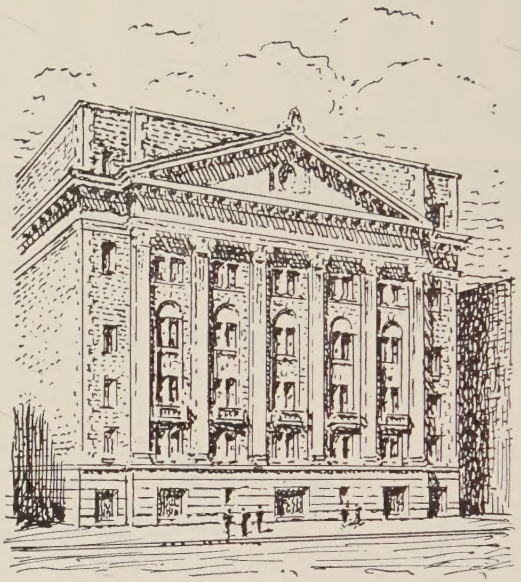
Something Told the Wild Geese

RACHEL FIELD

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered,—"Snow."
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned,—"Frost."

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly,—
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"
Marjorie Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **October, 1949** *Number 7*

ALONG THE WAY

By PRESTON BRADLEY

ON the day the noble ship "Nieuw Amsterdam" was due to dock at Southampton I went to the Purser's Office and made my reservation for a seat in the special steamer train which was to take the London passengers to the world's largest city.

Everything went off on schedule. Soon after docking alongside the great dock, rebuilt after the destruction of the Southampton piers by bombing, I was seated in a comfortable chair, well-upholstered, in a most attractive car, attached to a fast express train. A small table set for tea was directly in front of my seat. As I entered the car there was a feeling of home and welcome. I liked the atmosphere.

Our ship was alongside about 8 o'clock in the morning and in another hour we were through customs, a most co-operative porter taking our luggage and finding our seats in the train. Nowhere else on the entire journey did I find the immigration and custom officers more kindly and considerate than on arrival in England. We were given a hearty welcome by the immigration office, where required questions were asked in a most friendly way. The custom's officer on the pier simply asked "Have you anything to declare?" On receiving a negative reply he passed our luggage, and as he marked my bags he said most pleasantly, "I hope you have a pleasant time." He never asked me to open a bag. Entering England is an agreeable experience when one recalls some of the difficulties in other countries. At any rate I found it so.

As we went swiftly and smoothly along through the beautiful countryside of England, I could not help but think of what the people suffered during the tragic war years. From my seat next to the car window I saw pile after pile of mines which had been recovered from the sea by the minesweepers. They were grim reminders of perilous pathways in the deep; monuments of man's stupidity.

There was much evidence of the severe bombing which Southampton received and one could easily recapture the horror and agony of the war. Yet the builders of the new Southampton, by industry and labor, are covering up the scars and replacing the damage.

I always enjoy the ride from Southampton to London. The trains are much smaller than ours, but are fully as comfortable and just as fast. In the

car I was in one need not leave his seat to have his luncheon. It was served on a little table which was a permanent fixture in front of your chair.

My first food in England was an intimation of what to expect everywhere. No matter what may be your opinion of the English people or how much you might disagree with their political life or their international diplomacy, no one who has been among them and lived with them but must admire their basic character of sacrifice, reticence and their readiness to meet every obstacle with courage and fortitude. They are not a hungry people. They are getting plenty of food, but the monotony of their diet would break the spirit of less hardy people. Plenty of fish, plenty of potatoes, plenty of cabbage, plenty of peas, but all the time I was in England I never had an orange or a lemon, never an egg, never a dessert worth mentioning and never a piece of ham or bacon or beef. Dairy products are almost unavailable and sweets are all rationed. All restaurant and hotel meals are limited to three courses and the price to three shilling and sixpence. This has been going on for a long time and the people are weary of it all, but no complaint and little black market operations of any kind. They are determined to "stick it out."

(Following is a continuation of the report on the Religious Congress at Amsterdam, which was begun in the September "Liberalist.")

Mr. Chuter Ede's Address

The first public meeting of the Congress was held in the building of "The Free Community" on Wednesday evening. This religious fellowship is linked with the Universalists of the United States and Great Britain. One of its ministers, Frater Smid, is shortly to go to Harvard University at the invitation of the American Universalists.

The building is very spacious and enjoys a weekly worshipping congregation of six hundred people. It possesses very lovely stained glass windows on which are portrayed the profiles of many distinguished persons of religious life: Emerson, Spinoza, Zwingli, Luther, Calvin among others.

In the chair at the public meeting was Dr. J. A. C. Fagginger Auer of Harvard, who had to break the unhappy news that political happenings in Great Britain made it impossible for Mr. Chuter Ede to attend.

He announced that in the latter's absence his address would be read by the Rev. John Kielty. "This is," said Dr. Auer, "the first official participation in I. A. R. F. proceedings that Mr. Kielty has made since taking up his new appointment." He hoped, though on this occasion he was not speaking in his own right, that in the future he would do so again and again.

In his address Mr. Chuter Ede affirmed that the right of the individual member of society to enjoy freedom of expression as a right was an essential to civilized life. The Liberal state had been built up on the conception that the citizen should be free to advance his own views and be able to give his reasons for holding them. He must be free to challenge other people's views and to discuss the reasons upon which they were based.

The highest civilization was that which most closely approximates to these ideals in the practical working of its constitution. The final test was the practice and not the theory of the age or state under consideration.

History had revealed that there was no age in which freedom of expression had been universally recognized although we can find long dark passages in which it had been universally denied.

Those on whom fell the duty of governing men and women and especially

those who assumed the task without waiting for any to assign them the duty, rarely look kindly to questioner and critic.

"Too many human beings," continued the Home Secretary, "love a quiet life." In every age and clime these people were ready to allow someone else to do the worrying about the world's affairs so that those possessed with authority found it easy to brand questioners as eccentric people, wanton upsetters of well nigh idyllic peace, who unnecessarily disturb the pleasant even flow of life.

Mr. Chuter Ede said that too many people were like the Sussex farmers of Mayfield who took objection to a new turnpike lane in their parish. The project was extravagant and the idea absurd.

"How," inquired one of them, "can a wagon stand upright if there are no ruts in which it can go?"

The strength of authoritarianism in all ages had been the number of people who desire, not so much to stand on, as to sink in ancient ways.

Most theological and civil rulers had found the free spirit, and the spirit aspiring to be free, inconvenient to the smooth running of their complicated mechanisms. They looked askance at those unable to acquiesce in all the tenets promulgated by contemporary authority.

Such exponents of free expression as had withstood the belief that all wisdom had been vouchsafed to those contemporaneously in charge of the Church or the nation's destiny, had all too frequently achieved their purpose and salved their indignant consciences by satirically acquiescing in the claims of their oppressors, in language whose subtle humor only later generations had been able to appreciate.

The icy contempt of some of the most obsequious bows in the house of Rimmon had been lost on the bystanders, but posterity recalling them when the idol lay shattered, pealed with an appreciative laughter.

Truth Subordinated to Political Ideology

Particularly illuminating were Mr. Ede's comments regarding the struggle for freedom in the modern world. He pointed out how two world wars had mainly occupied us for half a century. From them had emerged such chaos and misery over wide areas that even the modern resources of mechanized and scientific age seemed unable to restore order and a minimum standard of reasonable comfort and security.

In this prevalence of hunger and doubt men have been easy victims of the claims of new authoritarian doctrines in the political and economic fields. The exponents of these doctrines ruled by force and the old apparatus of prison and execution had again operated to suppress any who deviate from the narrow path of unreasonable orthodoxy.

"Scientific research," went on the Home Secretary, "had been put in blinkers and must accept the decisions not of the laboratory and the free discussion of the experimenter, but of the political bureau."

Next came a striking quotation from a recent book by Mr. Julian Huxley. "The development of genetics is indeed astonishing. Less than fifty years ago Bateson and his helpers in Cambridge, with negligible resources and primitive equipment, struggling to establish the elementary facts of genetics in the teeth of strong opposition from fellow scientists; today genetics established as a new, independent and comprehensive science, shedding new light on the most vital and fundamental problems of nature and human existence, and carried on by hundreds of research workers in

almost every country. I say almost every country for there is one where the very advance of genetics has provoked a counter attack."

In 1932 Professor J. B. S. Haldane pointed out that the large scale encouragement by the State of science had its dangers as well as advantages. "It is possible," he wrote, "that it may lead to dogmatism in science and to suppressions of opinions which run counter to official theories."

This is exactly what has happened. A new brand of genetics has been put forward by the agriculturist Lysenko and in spite of its "theories" being what Western scientists regard as unscientific speculation and its "facts" proving incapable of verification by scientists of other countries, it has been officially declared by the Communist Party. What is more serious, Mendelian genetics have been officially declared incorrect and cannot be studied any longer in U.S.S.R.

This growth of Soviet genetics in which scientific truth is subdorinated to political ideology, has taken place even more rapidly than the growth of real and scientific genetics.

"Between the wars," commented Mr. Chuter Ede, "Fascism destroyed free thought in the political field and subordinated the individual's thought and actions to the dictates of the rulers."

In the last four years a victorious and aggressive Communism by successive usurpations had fastened the yoke of intellectual and moral slavery on vast masses of people, to whom was denied all knowledge and utterance, except that which its leaders proclaim as orthodox.

Our age had seen such an enforcement by the dictatorship of the proletariat of so ruthless a system of repression of independent thinking and a proclamation of orthodoxies over so wide a field as to make mediaeval tyrants, whether secular or religious, appear but bungling amateurs in comparison with these twentieth century professionals.

The Communist claim to determine which of two contending scientific schools is right is symptomatic of its pretensions in cognate spheres.

In literature, art, drama and music standards of orthodoxy had been proclaimed and the whole weight of a vigorously organized police state thrown into the task of maintaining them exclusively.

That week the Czechoslovak state intervened in a sports contest with other nationals with whose political ideology present Czech rulers disagreed.

In the sphere of religion the same government was promoting a measure giving it control over all churches and accepting on its pay roll only those priests and ministers whom it declared "nationally reliable."

"The dusk of a new dark age for the spirit," concluded Mr. Chuter Ede, "had fallen on vast populations under this and similar regimes."

He called on all outside the grim shadow as they saw it steadily, remorselessly deepen into midnight blackness, to guard with unceasing watchfulness the light they enjoyed. The freedom of the human spirit could never be assured to a generation or nation that is not resolute to defend it. The easy optimism of the early years of this century were an illusion. "Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son" is never permanently won.

There are always enemies lurking to destroy the sacred cause and against their efforts the price of liberty is still eternal vigilance.

(In the November Liberalist will be published "A French View—on Sovereignty and Freedom" and "A Layman's View—on Religious Freedom.")

"SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
September 18, 1949

IN all the years in which I have had the opportunity which has been the work of my life of helping to create and project and influence public opinion, I can say quite truthfully that I have never approached a year's work with a deeper sense of responsibility than I approach the year which is ahead of me and of this church.

I had anticipated many times in the past few years as one crisis after another in civilization came and passed, that as life matured for me, life would become somewhat easier and one would find the opportunity to experience the afterglow which inevitably comes as one turns toward the setting sun of life. But my life has been cast at an hour in human history where that of course is impossible. The conflicts and the turmoil and the chaos of our entire modern world deepens and adds to the responsibility rather than lessens it.

I have always wanted to be right. During the past years I have raised my voice in behalf of many unpopular liberal causes. I have often been wrong, and subsequent events have compelled me to re-cast my own opinion; but in all the time, if there ever was an hour when I wanted to be right, it is now. Never did I feel more deeply this obligation and responsibility of mine and it requires a new consecration of one's self to one's basic philosophy, as he faces the modern world. That I have been trying to find and develop, as I have tried to classify certain reactions which have been sweeping through my mind and heart. I cannot exhaust it in the limitations of one sermon. I shall be working at this probably most of the winter. You will have to be patient with me. I think it will be necessary for you to be unusually tolerant, because I am going to say some very unpopular things and I am going to take some very unpopular positions. I cannot do otherwise. For the whole expanse of human history is behind us and the time limit on what is going to happen in the future is so immediate. That is the distinguishing characteristic of this hour. That is why we cannot fritter away any of our energy intellectual or spiritual any longer. It is getting late and it is later than anyone in this church realizes, much later; and there isn't time now. There was a time when there was plenty of time; plenty of time for youth. A young man could graduate from high school; he could take a year or two working to get money enough to help him in college, take a couple of years in college, come out again and work another year, go back for a year or two, come out of college, take an interim position in order to replenish his funds for a professional career in science, medicine or theology, and if he got on his feet by the time he was 30 he felt, and society felt, he was doing pretty well. That is finished. They are not going to wait for that any longer. It is over. And we haven't time now to listen to the finely developed and involved ideologies of the philosophers.

The long drawn-out historical processes of civilization are shaping up to a

finale. And because that is true, any individual who has the slightest chance of letting loose in the world an idea that will create an atmosphere of faith and confidence and hope for finding the technique for better understanding and a more mutual relationship—any individual who has the slightest hope now for that, must feel the responsibility of it as never before in human history.

This past summer I have been able to visit six countries of Europe, travel more than 12,000 miles. I have been privileged to preach to great congregations in the City of London, the city of Belfast in Ireland, Dunmurry, Paris, Amsterdam in Holland, Brussels and various other places in Europe. I had the privilege of passing through those intense dramatic moments in the City of London during the London dock strike. I visited the strike while it was in progress and I sat in the Ambassadors' gallery in the House of Commons in the City of London and listened to the debates of the prime minister and diplomats and members of the House.

I tried to read as best I could every shade of opinion as expressed in the powerful press of Great Britain; newspapers that have a daily circulation of more than six million. I had an opportunity of broadcasting over the British Broadcasting Corporation. In all that I had to say at every opportunity which was given me on my trip this summer I held to one fundamental thesis, until I have come back to my people and to you more convinced than I have ever been that my point of view on international relations and on political action and even in the sphere of economics must be re-thought. It would require so long for me to formulate clearly and definitely what I mean by that that you will have to go along with me for a few sermons and broadcasts, giving me the privilege of restating and reiterating what I mean by that statement. We are on the wrong track. I went to the people. I talked to every person I could meet; and when I was in those places where I could not speak their language I always had with me an interpreter whom I could trust. I went to the people this summer.

I think I have not been influenced in any particular by those who have great personal power as individuals, or by great institutions as such, but I went to the people. And the admiration which I had for the British and the Irish and the Welsh and the Scotch, for I confine myself principally this morning only to the British theme, has been so deepened, that when, a couple of days ago, I said some of the things which I am going to say in a moment, to a group of businessmen in the iron range country of the middle West, one industrialist, a chief figure in the iron industry said to me after I was through, "Well, Dr. Bradley, they finally got you, too." I said, "What do you mean by that?" "Oh," he said, "the clever British." He said, "They finally have got you to believing that we lost the Revolutionary war and that we are now going to any moment find the Union Jack floating over the Capitol in Washington." I looked at him and could only say one word. "Ridiculous! You are a silly man. You belong to an era that the blood of 23 million young men washed away, but you are still in it." He did not like it.

I walked and lived and talked among the people who have one egg a week, one orange a month and four ounces of meat a week. I never had a taste of meat while I was in England. I do not wish you to infer that the British people are starving. They are not. They are getting plenty of food, but by every standard which you and I know, the continual fare of fish and boiled potatoes and poorly-cooked cabbage (for the English are the poorest cooks in the

world) is so tragically monotonous that the effect of it is doing something to the spirit of the people; and that's what concerns us. For the spirit is paramount. And traditionally and through the centuries no people have stood more admirably or brilliantly in bearing what they have had to bear, than have those people. But they are tired; they are frustrated; they are weary.

I wish I could take every person in this congregation this morning and set you down in the heart of London to look at the ruin and devastation which, heroically and valiantly, these people are attempting to rebuild, so that you might get an idea of what they must have suffered. Think of the irony of this: that a family I know in Frankfort, Germany, is sending foodstuffs across the English Channel to friends in England. And almost I think for the first time in human history, a great people, who have written in agony and in tears a tale of unutterable and cruel tragedy across the pages of history, are helping to feed the nation which conquered them. And back of all this is the vicious and tragic figure of petty power politics between nations, building on an outgrown and repudiated theory of history that is plainly read by every observer on every page: attempting to build a world of understanding and peace on the old theory of the power politics of Europe. A thousand years of European history repudiated that and yet they sit at the tables of the world's diplomacy and are once more building the pattern of a strongly restored buffer state of Germany on the Continent of Europe as a military expediency to defeat the growth and the power of Russia, once again entering into the madness of power politics, based on individual, national, political and financial self-interest; while the people of Europe will be bled white with taxes, and the cost of such a power-politics arrangement will weaken the economic fabric of the entire world, including the United States of America. In the face of that the Kremlin smiles, and on the first page of "Pravda" and "Investia" hurling it at the people in great headlines—"STRIKES IN AMERICA!"—"STRIKES IN AMERICA!" And the Kremlin gleefully wrings its hands: "They are playing into our pattern!" Building a world on this emphasis!

Oh, it is tragic! I have talked to the people of the world. I talked to thousands in Great Britain. Do you know what one Britisher up in Northumberland told me? An intelligent man. He said, "It's a pity there isn't some Christian way to shoot all of our politicians." Oh, if there could be found some gentle way to dispose of the personalities so sold on the theory that you can settle problems by force. Never was I more impressed with the idea that that historical lie is becoming increasingly powerful; men that have self-interest at heart; admirals and generals dictating international policy, when it should be the business of the military to fight when necessary and mind their own business in international relations. If it is treason for a man to talk peace when his country is at war, it is equally treasonable for a man to advocate war when his country is at peace. In an hour so pregnant now with the fragile quality of discussion, a world trembles.

You say, Dr. Bradley, what would you do specifically about it all? Well, I almost hesitate to get into that, because I know what some of your reactions will be, but I have already told you that I cannot help that. I must speak what I believe to be true now, and I cannot stop to ask myself what it will cost either myself or this church. It is too late. Much too late. I cannot compromise on this issue now.

Either all of the democratic powers and nations outside of the iron curtain are going to create and build an economic and industrial unity or we are going to have the dark ages all back again for a thousand years. Either we are going to do this thing on the basis of an integrated and a highly economically fortified rectitude or we are not going to do it at all. And what does that mean?

All this sophistry about the sterling area and the dollar area! And the competitive industrial situation that is developing between Great Britain and the United States, together with the bad feeling and the propaganda on all sides and in both countries! For there is a counterpart in Britain of exactly the same point of view that is prevalent in America. It is there too and that's the danger! If I had my way I would wipe out the whole sterling and dollar areas of the world. The sterling area has 25% of the gold. We have more than 80% of the gold in the dollar area. The rest of it belongs to those inferior nations economically, who are attempting as best they can to maintain some sort of trade and commerce. But Great Britain and America, irrespective of what we think or feel, have the power to feed themselves, and to establish an international monetary system and wipe out the whole dollar and sterling area on the basis of that. That's the first thing I would do. A businessman in the City of Chicago, who manufactures something that another man wants in Australia, cannot sell to the man in Australia except he buy through London, because Australia is in the sterling area. I could give you other examples that pertain throughout the whole situation that are perfectly ridiculous and absurd.

One of the finest and best things that could happen from a practical point of view would be the establishment of a unified monetary system for the democratic nations and put the dollar and the sterling silver and the Dutch and French franc and all of the monetary systems of these individual nations into one great internationalized financial project. The international bankers will not like that. Those who build prosperity on the blood of the world will not like it. But I say to you without fear and without consideration of cost, that is a fundamental step for world peace and I am more interested in that than I am in anything else in the world now, for my world cannot stand any more. It has been drained almost white now, and every country on earth is bankrupt and we are all working in an economic vacuum—all the nations of the world—and the relationship of that to the tragedy of a final outburst is tremendous.

A week ago this morning I stood in the pulpit of St. Andrews Church in the City of Fort William, Ontario, Canada. I came back to my hotel and I looked at the Fort William paper, "The Daily Times Journal." And I read these words, which I am going to read to you almost without comment: The headline and dateline is Switzerland, a very authentic country from which to receive news:

"The atom bomb has been made obsolete by a biological product, seven ounces of which is enough to kill everyone in the world. Dr. Brock Chisholm, Canadian Director General of the World Health Organization made that statement here today. It can kill all living beings within six hours."

What kind of a world do you think you are playing with and dying with? What of the unrealistic thinker—the one wrapped up in his own little prejudices, his own little hates and his own little intolerances in that kind of a world?

(*Continued on page* 15)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE usual, ordinary American reads more, listens to more, and sees more than any other person in the world. We have available more in the field of communication, more in reading, more in vision than any other people in the world. While we may not meet, as individuals, the high standards which our own opportunities present for having better minds and thinking more creatively and logically than some of us do, I still think on the average we are the best educated people in the world. And we have physical vitality, intellectual resourcefulness, and an inner sense of safety; and we have what is probably the greatest opportunity that a people have ever known.

Yes, we have a sense of security; but if we think the atom bomb is our only safety, then I say, God pity us. That is not true. Can it be there are little minds and little lives living in the sense of being imperilled by another, who want to hold on and hang on to their little safety and their little security, and who feel that another religion and race imperils that security and that therefore they must hate and probably kill? Do you think that is the answer? Well, it is not! It never has been and it never will be.

Don't hate! There is no growth, no progression through hate. What is our biggest need? I think I know. It is all in one word and I wish we would all use it more than we do. I wish you would use it more this year than you have ever used it in your life. Have you guessed what it is? The word I am thinking of is not "love," nor is it "understanding." It is the little word O-U-R—not mine, not I, but OUR. Who taught us that word?

"OUR Father, who art in Heaven." OUR Father — OUR nation — OUR church—OUR brother—OUR country! Don't you see what that word would do? O, that does not mean you even have to like them, or think as they do, or accept their religion, or do this or do that; but it means community—"OUR" expresses community of soul.

"OUR," the Chinese word for "crisis," is made up of two characters—

one; "danger" and the other, "opportunity." And we can take the crisis before the world and before nations, and it can portend danger for us all, or it can be made opportunity for us all. I propose to use it as opportunity. So I am going to say "OUR" from now on. Will you say it too, more than you have?

Do you remember the classic remark of the Irishman in Ireland? I heard it for the first time over there. As you know, in Ireland they have always had a lot of trouble between the North and the South every once in a while; and when the heads were being pummeled and there were bloody places in the street, this Irishman stood shaking his head, and said, "Oh, if these Irish were only atheists, so we could all live together like Christians!"

There's the thing! Let us say "OUR" so that brotherhood may become a reality over the whole wide world!

TRIBUTES BY DR. BRADLEY

"Since we last met together I have had several very great personal losses and many of you have been through the valley of grief and sorrow over the loss of loved ones. I am thinking, as I come to this part of our litany of two of my very dear friends—and they were my friends—who passed on within a few days of each other, one a powerful, mighty influence in the Chicago area, Dr. Ernest Tittle, and then a day or two later, Dr. William Stidger. And yesterday afternoon I conducted the funeral service for a man who every person in our church remembers with admiration and love. He was the oldest living member of our church. Next February he would have been 95. He has been confined to his bed for the past six years, but you remember him walking down that aisle service after service, Sunday after Sunday, on crutches. No matter what the weather he was here twice on Sunday, 11 in the morning and 6:30 in the evening.

I visited him as often as I could during his illness. Last Sunday morning he listened to our broadcast by transcription from WJJD and he said, "Next Sunday Doctor will be home and I shall see him again." I am speaking of our dear friend, Mr. Herbert Jones, born in Cambridge, Mass. When Mr. Jones was a very little boy, Henry W. Longfellow carried him in his arms. He has a branch from The Village Blacksmith tree, immortalized in Longfellow's poem. It was one of his cherished possessions. He came to Chicago as a contractor many, many years ago, and I am thinking of him in this moment of memory for our dead.

Then I am thinking of that young man, a member of our choir, who met with a frightful automobile accident resulting in his death this summer, Arthur J. Norman, Jr. The whole congregation assembled here today send out our love to Dr. and Mrs. Norman. They are very brave. They, too, are members of the choir and they are singing this morning. We are thinking of them in their bravery: and of all who have lost loved ones. Let us all think of them reverently as we continue our Litany."

REST

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere;
It's loving and serving the highest and best;
It's onward, unswerving; and this is true rest.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things" by Marjorie Borrows)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Sunday Evening Services..... 7:30
Opening Sunday Evening Service will be on November 6th
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Wedneseday Evening Book Lectures
.....8:00
Opening Book Lecture Nov. 2nd

* * *

For information concerning the various Clubs and Church Organizations, contact the officers litsed under "Directory" on page 24, keep in touch with these columns and the Sunday Church Calendar.

* * *

For information regarding the reservation of church seats until 10:55 each Sunday morning, inquire at the church office, on the mezzanine.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S ARTICLES describing his European trip are appearing regularly in "The Liberalist," as are also his current sermons. Subscribe now to have the complete series.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S NOVEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Dr. Bradley will open his 17th Season of regular Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, famous throughout the city, on Wednesday evening, November 2nd, at 8 o'clock sharp, as always.

Dr. Bradley has chosen an exciting book list for the opening series in November.

Nov. 2—"The Mature Mind"—H. A. Overstreet.

Nov. 9—"Mary"—Sholem Asch.

Nov. 16—"Peace of Soul"—Fulton Sheen.

Nov. 23—"American Freedom and Catholic Power"—Paul Blanshard.

Nov. 30—"John L. Lewis, a Biography"—Saul Alinsky.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO PROGRAM

On Monday, September 26th, Dr. Bradley began his 13th Season of continual broadcasting over station WGN. This is a daily program, Monday through Friday, and at present will be heard at 10:00 a.m. each morning.

* * *

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

The regular Sunday Evening Services, eagerly awaited by all the friends and members of The Peoples Church, will open for the 24th Season on Sunday Evening, November 6th, at 7:30. Stimulated and inspired by the contacts he made while in Great Britain and Europe this summer, Dr. Bradley's Sunday evening addresses will be so vital and interesting, that the same capacity audiences are assured as always attend these Sunday evenings. Mark your calendar now with the opening date.

* * *

THE CHOIR

The choir has been rehearsing since September 9th for their Fall Concert. The date has been set for Sunday evening, October 30th, the last Sunday before the evening church services start.

Mr. Walter Flandorf is planning to include some very unusual numbers on the program. The Choir will repeat the two German numbers given on Goethe Sunday (because of many requests which have been received). There will be folk songs which are rarely heard.

The famous Rhapsodie by Brahms for male chorus and contralto soloist will be included. The Nutcracker Suite by Tschaikowsky, arranged for a mixed chorus with suitable humorous words, will be given.

* * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Ways and Means Committee of the Woman's Club is looking forward to Friday morning, October 7th, when Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Chairman, and her committee have planned a Hollywood Breakfast to be held in Anderson Hall.

Breakfast will be served from 9 until 10, followed by a gay program in which all may participate. There will be prizes and fun galore for everyone.

Mel Galliart, well-known radio personality, will be Master of Ceremonies, which promises a morning of fine entertainment.

Donation, 75c. Bring your friends.

* * *

ANNUAL HOMECOMING PARTY

On Monday evening, October 17th, at 8 o'clock, the Philanthropy Department of the Woman's Club, (Mabel E. Byrnes, Chairman), will hold their Annual Homecoming Party. The program will feature a book review by the popular and well-known Florence Bourke Ellis and musical numbers by Chicago artists. Refreshments will be served.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The Bazaar meeting held at the home of Miss Ruth Kruskopf was productive of many worth-while ideas and much enthusiasm over the work for the forthcoming Bazaar. It is always a question at these meetings whether the friendly atmosphere of this group of wide-awake women or an avid interest in the work undertaken is the cause of a full-house turnout.

The P. & B. W. Club is a living example of the wisdom and satisfaction of a mixed-age group. The Club numbers among its membership women from the twenties to the "age one lies about." These women find great inspiration in each other's company and a fine spirit of comradship and co-operation. All types of businesses are represented and all kinds of work and at one of the future meetings there is to be an opportunity for each member to tell of her work or her business or profession.

* * *

The opening meeting of the club Tuesday, October 11th, at 8 p.m., as reported in the September "Liberalist," will be Dr. Bradley's annual inspiring address in which he will give his "Impressions of European Women." All women should be interested in this subject, and with Dr. Bradley to speak upon it, a full attendance is assured. The public is welcome.

Rosalind Burtchby is the incoming Program Chairman and she has an excellent committee supporting her.

The second meeting of the month, Tuesday, October 25th, is in charge of Mrs. Betty Porter, who surrounds her special meeting with deep mystery and says it will have to do with "Word Whiskers," and that every member is assured of a good time. This is something in which all may participate. Sides will be chosen and a battle will be waged—mental, that is. This type of evening is informal, sociable, and, as is always the custom at every meeting, refreshments will be served. Members are urged to bring their friends, and women who have recently become members of the church will find this a good night to get acquainted.

It is not necessary to be a member of the church to belong to the club, neither

is it necessary to be a club member in order to enjoy the meetings.

* * *

THE MEN'S CLUB

As the October "Liberalist" goes to press, Mr. L. H. Hangel, genial President of the Men's Club, assures the editors that elaborate programs are planned for each and every month of the season.

Last season at each meeting, an outstanding and unusual program was presented and there was a full house on every fourth Monday evening of the month, which is the regular meeting night for the Men's Club.

Mr. Hangel declares the same momentum will be maintained this year, but as two equally interesting programs are being balanced in the scales at the moment for the October 24th meeting, no definite announcement can be made in this column.

The success of the opening meeting, on September 26th, at which Dr. Bradley will give the address, is definitely assured.

The Men's Club of the Peoples Church is without doubt one of the finest Men's Clubs on the North Side. Membership in the church is not a requirement for membership in the club, and men from all parts of the city belong to this club.

* * *

THE PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

This noteworthy Annual Occasion, the Annual Bazaar of the Peoples Church, is gathering momentum.

The Bazaar is scheduled for November 17th and 18th, less than seven short weeks away.

Every member and friend of the church should be actively thinking about their contribution to this major event of our Church. The pleasure each one gets out of the Bazaar is definitely measured by the thought and effort put into it.

The Church depends on each one of its supporters, whether member, friend or radio listener, to carry this Bazaar to a successful conclusion.

Get in touch with Mrs. Walter Stehle, the general chairman of the Bazaar, to find out how you may best help. Her phone number, Tower 3533.

There will be booths of every description—of linens and handmade articles —of kitchenware—of fruits, canned goods and candy—of children's toys and of many choice items appropriate for Christmas gifts.

Have you been shopping for the Bazaar?

Have you preserved or canned some fruits for the Bazaar?

Have you made some handmade articles?

What have YOU done?

* * *

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Peoples Church has an unusually fine Sunday School. Our Superintendent, Mr. Robert Crosswhite, having two small children of his own, is thoroughly in sympathy with the children. He is a man of high ideals and singleness of purpose. The children respect and love him and The Peoples Church is happy and fortunate in having him as its Church School Superintendent.

Even those parents who have no church affiliation know the importance of a good foundation of Christian ethics for their children. It is the early impressions gained by the children which remain with them and steady them later in life. A father recently reported to the church office his satisfaction in having heard his little boy explain the idea of "playing fair" to some playmates. He later learned from his little son that he had learned what it meant to "play fair" in Sunday School.

Parents are welcome to visit the Sunday School and talk with Mr. Crosswhite regarding their children.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL'S FAMILY DINNER

On Friday, October 14th, the Sunday School will sponsor the Annual Family Dinner of the Church. The dinner will be at 6 o'clock in Anderson Hall. Excellent food is assured.

Dr. Bradley will be the Guest of Honor. The children of the school will give one of their splendid programs.

It is a good idea to get your reservations in early for this dinner, which is always a "sell out" affair. Adults, $1.50; children, 75c. Phone reservations to Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Avenue 3-2955.

* * *

The Sunday School will hold a Hallowe'en Party on Monday, October 31st, in Anderson Hall, at 7 o'clock. The party will be in costume. There will be prizes, refreshments and fun for all the children, in which the parents are invited to join.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players announce the opening of the 1949-1950 season, their 27th, with the October Drama Tea to be held in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church on Sunday afternoon, October 2, 1949. For many years it has been our privilege and custom to present our Founder-Director, J. Bradley-Griffin, as our Guest Artist. This year Mr. Bradley-Griffin will open the season with a recital version of EDWARD, MY SON, by Robert Morley and Noel Langley. As a special treat he will also present some of the music from the current Broadway musical hit, SOUTH PACIFIC. Admission to the Drama Teas will again be 60c, including tax. These teas are becoming increasingly popular with our friends and patrons. They are informal and provide a wonderful opportunity to get acquainted.

Our plays will again be presented at the 11th Street Theatre, 72 East 11th Street. However, due to circumstances beyond our control, we have eliminated the Wednesday performance and will play Thursday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoon. With the exception of the October production, each play will open on the second Thursday of the month. The first production, FOR LOVE OR MONEY, is a delightful comedy by F. Hugh Herbert and will open on Thursday, October 20, with a performance on Saturday evening, October 22, and a matinee on Sunday afternoon, October 23. The following plays have been scheduled for the current season:

October 20, 22, 23—FOR LOVE OR MONEY.

November 10, 12, 13—THE GLASS MENAGERIE.

December 15, 17, 18—ARSENIC AND OLD LACE.

January 12, 14, 15—ALL MY SONS.

February 9, 11, 12—LIGHT UP THE SKY (If Available).

March 9, 11, 12—SHOP AT SLY CORNER.

April 13, 14, 15—GOODBY, MY FANCY (If available).

May 11, 13, 14—ON BORROWED TIME.

We feel this schedule has nice variety and we hope it pleases our friends.

This is an ideal time to become a Patron Member of the Uptown Players. There has been no increase in the price of patron books—the Thursday night and Sunday afternoon performances are $10.00 for 12 admissions and the Saturday night performances are $13.00 for 12 admissions. In addition, a

patron is admitted without charge to each of the drama teas, has his name in the program each month, and may call and reserve seats in the special section reserved for our patrons. This is really a bargain in entertainment. Incidentally, the coupons in these books may be used in any number for any production. It is an excellent answer to your social obligations and the books make an ideal birthday or Christmas gift for your friends who enjoy good theatre.

For the benefit of our out-of-town friends, we are happy to announce that we have the following itinerary arranged for us thus far:

October 30—Elgin Illinois.
November 3 and 4—Waukegan, Illinois.

November 23—Oak Park, Illinois.
December 7—Hammond, Indiana.

All of these dates are for our opening production of FOR LOVE OR MONEY. More of these out-of-town engagements are being arranged and will be announced from time to time as plans are completed. All in all, The Uptown Players are looking forward to the busiest season in their history.

DR. BRADLEY'S SERMON

(*Continued from page* 8)

Oh, my world, we must do some recasting of our opinions. I cannot help but come to the one conclusion, that it is the spirit of Christ for the world, or it is the end of the world. You have tried your economics, your organizations; you have tried everything and we are back again into the old groove of hate and lies and propaganda and self-interest and pride. Be careful, world, be careful!

I stood one week ago tomorrow at a hotel window in the City of Duluth, Minnesota. I saw a beautiful, stately, proud ship enter that harbor. Flags were flying. It was seven o'clock in the morning. I saw the people go back into that ship in the evening. I heard it blow its salute to the City and the harbor as it went out of the ship's canal. I saw that lovely thing. I have sailed on her. Now, while I speak to you, it is a blackened tomb, resting on the mud at the pier in Toronto, for I saw the "Noronic" sail on this trip. Proud ship, and it is a blackened, charred tragedy while I stand here—broken hearts—broken lives—tragedy!

I see the ship of civilization and of peace—a beautiful ship, sailing in a world where there is sky enough and land enough and water enough and gold enough and iron enough and coal enough, so that every man, woman and child in all that world could be happy and at peace. And then I see a drunken gang of fury in their self-interest and in their lust and in their appetites frittering it all away in a moment of neglect. I see them stopped in the tragedy that would ruin our ship of peace and of love.

If only they could have been stopped five minutes before the tragedy of the "Noronic," envisage what would have been spared the broken homes today.

The fire on the ship of the world has not yet broken out. Let us quench the flames before they devour the ship.

BOOK CHATS

AS most of my readers know, my life has been bound up in books always—I love them—my study is full of them, both here in Chicago and at our little Island home in Minnesota, where I have built a little study out at the water's edge on one corner of Black Duck Island. When I feel the need of inspiration, of refreshment or of mere relaxation, I can always turn to a book. What would this world be without them?

It is with this thought in mind and the desire to share with you some book titles for just such moments of need as I have listed above, that I have decided to list for you a few books from which you can choose some to fit your mood — decidedly helpful books of which one never tires.

Some of these books you have heard me mention before, but one forgets book titles unless reminded of them and so I know you will not object to a little possible repetition in this chat with you about books.

One of those which will have a familiar ring to you I am sure is "Something to Live By," by Dorothea S. Kopplin (Garden City Publishing Company). You remember some twenty years ago the doctors told Mrs. Kopplin she would never live to bring up her children. With this sobering thought in mind she decided to write a book to serve as a substitute in their lives. She wanted it to be something that would give them a true sense of values and the fortitude and strength for fine living through the years.

She searched in her memory for sayings, poems, inspired writings that had helped her and that she knew could help her children and others to meet life's problems.

Mrs. Kopplin's life was spared and she devoted many years to perfecting the pattern of this book, in which she developed a philosophy of contentment and happiness in life.

The simplicity of the thoughts assembled gives strength to the book. In it you will always find something to lift your spirits and give new and fresh courage. The book is for young and old alike—"Something to Live By."

* * *

Of a somewhat different type and intent is Walter Pitkin's book, "The Best Years" (How to Enjoy Retirement) published in 1946 (A. A. Wyn, Publisher). You remember Mr. Pitkin wrote "Life Begins at Forty." He has written some thirty-odd books, but the latter one perhaps is best known, as it was translated into twelve languages. "The Best Years" opens new vistas for happiness and success for the Best Years to come. Many people, leaving the routine of their daily tasks, find themselves lost, mentally and socially.

Mr. Pitkin has written his book from the happy experiences, pleasant activities and successful plans of men and women who have retired and who enjoy every minute of it and the book is really a guide to a constructive life ahead. He shows you how to live long without growing old; how to get the most out of your time and income. So this is a good book to have on your shelves or your reading table.

* * *

A book which for its sheer beauty and loveliness of content should be in every home is the book called "One Thousand Beautiful Things," compiled by Marjorie Barrows (Consolidated

Book Publishers). I quote for you from the publisher's foreword the following:

"The great German poet, Goethe, was once asked by a friend what he would suggest as a daily exercise for spiritual betterment. He said:

'I would like to read a noble poem.
I would like to see a beautiful picture.
I would like to hear a bit of inspiring music.
I would like to meet a great soul.
And for my fellow men I would like to say a few sensible words.'

"Because we recommend this wish of the great poet to you, we offer an anthology resplendent with beautiful things to enrich your daily life."

Because not all see beauty in the same painting, poem or music, because each brings to any form of the fine arts his own feeling, his past experience and his own appreciation, seven editors compiled the book from seven different points of view. For this reason the book has a wider appeal than the ordinary anthology.

Each piece chosen stands by itself as a thing of beauty. Special stories, plays, poems, essays in the book will have great emotional and inspirational appeal to some. Others will find noble ideas, sheer magic of style, exalted mood in other selections. You will find the book a doorway to the whole world of beauty, for nearly all of the pages hold favorite, inspiring passages of significant poetry and prose.

Whether you open the book for amusement or instruction, whether at the first page or the last, you will find some beautiful selection. It will capture your fancy and provoke you to read further, for here are veritably *one thousand beautiful things.*

The book opens with Edna St. Vincent Millay's "O world, I cannot hold thee close enough." It contains quotes from masterful speeches, excerpts from choice stories and books, pithy sayings from the wise men of the ages, plays, ballads and essays; the poems you most want to remember. To open the book at any page is to remain entranced and to leave its pages with reluctance. What more can I say to make you want to examine the book?

* * *

For those who appreciate short sayings of the wise, what could be a better choice than "Poor Richard's Almanack," by wise old Benjamin Franklin. Though he did not originate all the sayings, they were filtered through his brain and tinged with that Mother Wit which so strongly and individually marks so much that he said and wrote. A beautiful little gift edition was published in this year, the 243rd anniversary of his birth.

* * *

There is a little treasury of inspiration and wisdom called "Words to Live By," edited by William Nichols (Simon and Schuster). The editor wrote to outstanding men and women in a variety of fields, asking advice for his readers. He asked them if they had found some words to live by which they treasured because they said something they regarded as vital. The answers he received are in this book. In each case the writer has quoted a few words from some great source — the Bible, philosophers, authors, statesmen—and then added his own interpretation of the quotation and its influence on his life and on yours.

This book contains that lovely story by the late Dr. Frederic Loomis "On Having Fun," based on the Chinese Proverb "It is later than you think."

* * *

Next I offer you a book for the thinker, rather than the mere searcher

after beauty. It is a thinker's anthology and is called "The Practical Cogitator," selected and arranged by Charles P. Curtis, Jr. and Ferris Greenslet (Houghton, Mifflin Company). The editors call it a sort of cerebral Coast Pilot (named after Bowditch's Practical Navigator, The Practical Cogitator), being a compilation of what those who have been down this way before, report to those who might otherwise have to pick their course through these channels and into those harbors with nothing but the lead line.

The selections, prose and verse, are from many languages in fresh translations and cover the world's literature from Confucius to James Cozzens, from the Old Testament to Gertrude Stein and James Joyce. Here and there are sprinkled very brief quotations. The book is a liberal education and is for the thinker rather than the feeler; "primarily for the extrovert thinker," the editors tell us, "though it runs over into some of his introverted and intuitive margins."

Nothing was included which was not worth re-reading, and some pieces can be chewed over almost indefinitely. Where they have chosen the ancient it is because they knew of nothing better since.

The extracts included provide stout pegs on which you can hang your own further thought. There are several sections: Man in Search of Himself, He Solicits His Past, He Turns to Nature, And Scrutinizes Her, And Himself, He Lives With His Fellows, They Better Their Condition, They Must Have Peace, Security, and Liberty, And Justice, He Seeks Solace and Beauty, And Friendship and Love, And Even Something More — He Takes Better Aim. Wherever one opens this book and starts to read, he will find stimulation to thinking.

And now I pick up a little book of one hundred and fifty-odd pages, written by David Guy Powers, which he has called "Live a New Life" (Doubleday & Co.).

Robert Wood Johnson, in an introduction to the book says this:

"When I first read 'Live a New Life' I was impressed by its sincerity, its creative drive, and the practical common sense of its arguments. Upon rereading it, I realized how much it can do to enrich the life of all who use it. And since good deeds begin at home, I gave the manuscript to my son. 'Here, Bob,' I said, 'is a book. Read it, and live by it.' "

There are four parts to the book, The New Life, The Life of Persuasion, The Life of Leadership, A New Formula for Success.

I am going to quote a few paragraphs of the opening chapter and you may go on from there, if you choose:

"The Secret of Personal Power. Some years ago I moved to Forest Hills and lived in the former home of Helen Keller. Often I sat in front of the big fireplace and thought of the many evenings she spent there. In this room she had learned to read with her hands, to see through her senses, and to know with her heart. Without the sense of sight and sound, she had learned to do in one lifetime what man achieved after centuries.

"On several occasions I climbed to the top room, which had been set off as a sleeping chamber. It overlooked a vast lagoon that was to become the site of the World's Fair and later of the United Nations. As I trudged up the stairs there would be small tacks which had guided her steps up the dark way to rest. And I often took courage at the thought of that figure who had so little yet loved so much.

"It amazed me that there were so

many windows in the room. It had three walls of eight windows. And round about the wonder of the height and the vastness of the heavens appeared. Yet it had always been dark to her. Small strings had guided her lonely steps to this height, but when there she still had only darkness to greet her. And I thought of the light which must have been in her heart that even in darkness she should love to live with light.

"Helen Keller was imbued with a vision of a new life. It gave direction to her every moment. Listen to her own words:

'Mine has been the limited experience of one who lives in a world without color and without sound. But ever since my student days I have had a joyous certainty that my physical handicaps were not an essential part of my being, since they were not in any way part of my mind. This faith was confirmed when I came to Descartes' maxim, "I think, therefore I am." '

"These emphatic words" continues the author, "waked something in me that has never slept since. I knew then my mind could be a positive instrument of happiness, bridging the dark, silent void with concepts of a vibrant, light-flooded happiness. I learned that it is possible for us to create light and sound and order within us, no matter what calamity may befall us in the outer world." . . . "This vision holds the deepest rooted cue to your happiness. It is the mainspring of your desires, and can make you live abundantly."

With this quotation from "Live a New Life," I close the Book Chat, knowing that you will have found here a book you desire or, if you already own it, one you may well choose to give to a friend.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Black Duck Island"

Dear Friends:

While I sit in front of an open fireplace where huge birch logs are burning and crackling cheerfully, in spirit I am in my seat at The Peoples Church over six hundred miles away. It is the opening service after the summer period and Dr. Bradley's return from Europe, safe and in good health! How grateful we are this is so!

I am sure the Church is well filled with hundreds of friends in a gesture of greeting and happy to see him home. I can imagine the thrill of joy and appreciation he feels as he steps out of his vestryroom onto the platform and looks over that sea of faces wreathed in welcoming smiles. Reaching his pulpit, he will stand just looking at you, emotionally unable to speak for a few moments, his heart bursting with gladness to be home; to be standing in his own pulpit again, and to see you all there. I admit that I am so completely there in feeling and vivid thought, that my own throat is choked with tears and I have wiped my eyes the better

to see to write!

I wanted to write the Mail Bag at this time, while the service is being held, because it is a little like talking to you and makes me feel less homesick, which I always am on Sundays at Churchtime if I am up here. Last year I was there in person, but this year we decided I should remain at the Island a while longer to get all the benefit I could before returning to Chicago, where usually September is so warm and the air so filled with pollen.

It has been cold here for over a week. Autumn obviously has taken over; the trees are rapidly donning fall dress, all gold and yellows—not much red as yet, but there soon will be. If this wind that has been blowing for three or four days keeps up there will be no leaves left, and the pine needles shower down like rain. Today the waves dash high over the rocks and rain comes in gusts sharp against the windows. In a few days the equinox takes place, when the sun crosses the equator, and Fall is officially ushered in. This weather is all a part of it. When the equinoctial is over we usually have beautiful days again.

Since writing the foregoing sentence we have had a lot of excitement and shock, when called by our caretaker we stood on the kitchen porch and watched the home of our friend, Dr. Thomas, devoured by flames, the house completely demolished! It stood on a pretty little island not far from us, and they loved it, having spent their summers there for many years. Through the years they had accumulated (as we all do!) many attractive things, keepsakes and mementoes of their travels that were dear to them—gone now, broken, charred, burned, everything gone! Last night they slept there. Tonight there is no little house, nothing standing but a gaunt stone fireplace with a Welsh oven which Dr. Thomas built himself. Raymond and a neighbor from mainland, who with his wife was having dinner with us, ran to our dock, jumped into a motor boat and went to the Thomas's island as quickly as they could to help; but alas, there was nothing could be done.

I watched with horror from my porch, that seething cauldron of fire, the flames leaping high and catching nearby pine and cedar trees, like a great monster making a quick feast of them! Had the wind been in a different direction the entire island would have gone. Other boats came to help in a few minutes after ours reached there, but to no avail. One stands helpless before a wall of flame without apparatus to fight it. They threw buckets of water around on the ground to keep the flames from creeping, but it was not enough. They needed hose and a pump.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas had packed their suitcases ready to go to Chicago tomorrow morning, and were busy at the job of closing the house till another summertime. When they had to run out of the house they carried the suitcases along and put them on the ground, thinking they would be safe, but they had not taken them far enough; the flames caught them and left nothing but ashes!

The Grant Cooks live on the next island to the Thomas's, and being very close friends and members of their Church, of course took them to the shelter and comfort of their home. I would have been glad to have them come here. I feel deeply sorry for them, knowing full well how we would feel if such an experience happened to us!

Well, my friends, this letter is not at all what I intended to write for the October Mail Bag, but I think you will understand how I can think of nothing else this evening but the tragic hap-

pening earlier in the day, and this must go to the mail in the morning, so forgive me if it does not interest you.

We shall not have space for more than one letter, and I shall give you this one from the Mail Bag. It offers the good thought for us to listen for God's voice at all times. It may be in birdsong, or the message in the beauty of the sunset, or a starlight night, or pink dawn. The message is there if you open your heart and listen!

The letter is from Salt Lake City, as follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The Song 'A Song Is Born' I would like to have you be the first to share with me. It may never be published for all to know. Even so, I feel it has a message to many perhaps who may feel as I did early this morning when troubled thoughts would not let me sleep.

"All at once the song of the birds penetrated my consciousness and, as I lay listening my heart grew lighter. I knew that God is ever present to give us peace and happiness, if we but ask and follow His guidance. The birds gave me this message. The thought came to me 'A Song Is Born, within my heart.' I had the urge to translate my feelings into words. So I got up and wrote my song. I do not know how good it is, or if the simple melody I worked out on the piano is any good. I must let someone more schooled in music than I am be the judge of that.

"It is a long time since I have written you and so much has taken place that could have taken me back where I was three years ago in health and spirit. So many little things want to creep in against me, but I am stronger this time in body and soul.

"For your constant help and guidance through the 'Liberalist' I am deeply grateful. It helped me out of a very serious crisis a few years back and my letter to you at the time you termed 'Philosophy of Gratitude.' Just rereading your letter the other day helped me a great deal.

"Now I shall have to close and hope that you and Mrs. Bradley are in the best of health. With every good wish to you for your success and happiness I remain, Sincerely, Clara Frecking."

* * *

Next time I chat over the Mail Bag I shall be in the Study at home in Chicago. Until then,

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

PATIENCE

The grass creeps onward up the hill
With faith the torrent cannot kill;
And rocks are rough, and yet the clover
The stony field will yet run over;
And I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle, cannot do.

The woodlands that the winters sadden
The leaves of spring again will gladden,
And so the world will always be:
The gentle hands work patiently,
And yet accomplish more forever
Than those too strong or those too clever.

So toils an undiscouraged God
And covers barren fields with sod;
And so will hate and sin surrender
To faith still strong and love still tender;
For I know nothing that the true,
The good, the gentle, cannot do.

—Douglas Malloch

CREATIVE LIVING

AS I go about from day to day in my work, meeting people in every walk of life and discussing current problems with them, I am so often asked the question, "Well, what are we to believe about this, that and the other, Dr. Bradley?"

Now in spite of the uncertainty back of that question, I think every man has some sort of a belief of his own, whether he realizes it or not and whether he expresses it or not. I know I do. For instance, I have a fundamental belief that the chief end of man is to serve the continuing, directing, cooperating energy of the cosmos—to live his life in close harmony with that directing energy. I think that way lies success and happiness and progress. And I think the chief interference with our living a harmonious, useful and happy life comes from the fears we permit to lodge in our consciousness—fear and superstition. Fear of impending tragedy which may never touch us at all. Fear of what another country may do. Fear of what may happen if we smash up economically. Sometimes it is fear of what may happen if the man we want for president doesn't win. And sometimes a continuing fear of death may rob a person of a happy life, though that person may have fifty years of life ahead of them, yet I have known fear of death to keep a person in constant anxiety and misery.

To me, the individual who is afraid to face the realities of the best thinking that is available is an individual who is not meeting the high opportunity which the hour presents. Never did I feel the need more for emphasis on the preservation, projection and continuing of the great moralities which are involved in every tradition which is identified with human and personal relationships, social and individual. Never did I feel more the need for the preservation of the great fundamental truths of life. I am getting nearer and nearer all the time to a feeling and a belief that the chief end of man is to serve as never before the values which have been determined by the long, tortuous pathway of human development as necessary to the perpetuity of the decencies in human society. And that means in very plain language, to wrap our hearts and lives and loyalties around the highest manifestations of human brotherhood and love that the world can possibly conceive.

Deep down in every human heart there is a natural revolt against a society, a civilization or a government that permits economic injustice or that holds to a philosophy that the test of a man or of a nation is to be found in its external strength. We are living in an age that is more external than any that history has ever produced, and people are cowed into silence and inactivity through the fear of opposing that which is basically and fundamentally wrong. There is a deep-seated revolt in the heart of man which only needs to be fanned into burning flames by the spirit and ideals of love, that this is all wrong; that hate is wrong, that war is wrong, that poverty and disease are wrong; that we are in a world where materialism has been allowed to run its ghastly and tragic way, along with greed and selfishness. For when external living is at its height then creative living dies: then there is no great art, no great music, no great drama, no great poetry coming from the heart and soul of man. And if you really want to kill men, and bring death and destruction to a people, deny them the right of articulation—take away from

them the right of making themselves articulate in their little world. That is why jails kill; that is what it does to the human spirit. It isn't what it does to the body. We all fear what may happen to our bodies; but it is vastly more important what may happen to the spirit and soul of man. If there is anything which creates real fear in the heart it is when that heart is prevented from projecting itself—the agony of inarticulation.

The painter, who cannot paint; the poet who cannot write a single poem; the singer who cannot sing—the soul that is dead. Compare all the tragedies of the world with that and they are but prefaces to the supreme drama of all. And so my chief aim shall continue to be to achieve creative living in an age that conspires against it, with headlines that would fill us with fear. I shall not permit headlines to assume mastery over me. I refuse that to become part of my attitude toward life which is built upon hate and intolerance. I shall deny its reality as an operating influence in the transformation of my own creative living; and instead of permitting it to floor me or get me excited or jittery, or make me intolerant or unkind, I shall keep the values of life straight. I hope I may live for many years to come and I hope there will be a place for me in the new dawn of creation when men and women will once more turn their backs upon those who by whim and cheap diplomacy bring this world to the final alternative of death or destruction by the whims of men and of nations.

I wish the people of this earth would have such a vision of their own creativeness as to reflect the spirit which is within them, and in the mighty generation of world power and the assertion of their ascendency, would cast into oblivion the petty-minded, grasping, greedy people who want to build their victory over the souls of humanity. There is an activating, motivating, fundamental energy—a creative spirit working in the universe today—a principle—a concreteness, and we are workers together with it; and when our souls and hearts and lives are in sympathetic relationship and harmonic adjustment to it—and it *needs* you and me—we are working against injustice, tyranny, ignorance and hate and all intolerance. No finer compliment can be paid anyone, I think, than to speak of him as a "straight thinker." Certainly in an age when there is so much distortion in our thinking, so much chaos evidenced, there are times when that characterization is more complimentary and more significant, perhaps, than ever before. I hold, and I have never held it more closely than I hold it today, that in high thinking is to be found the creativeness which results in achievement. Every one of us is what he is, because he has thought his way into what he is. We are the cumulative result of the creative character of our thinking. So get your thinking straightened out and keep it straight. Get your values straightened out. Each individual has a distinctive and a very important part to play, and what a pity it is if we neglect the opportunity of straight, direct, creative thinking, so that in these intricate and difficult problems of our age, we might make a direct contribution toward the solution of our common problems.

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